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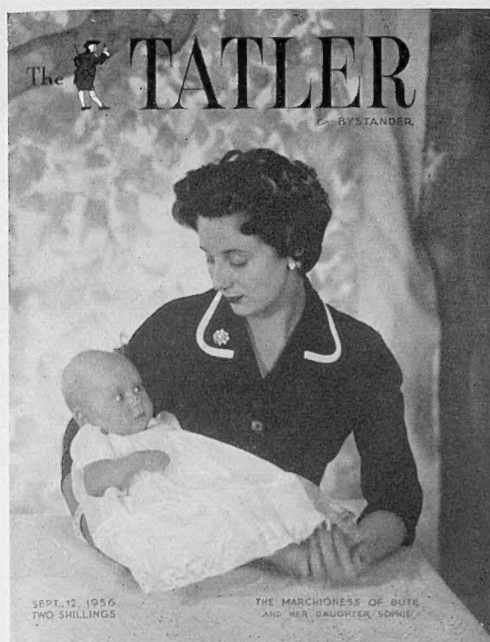
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Yevonde

THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE with her small daughter, Lady Sophia Anne Crichton-Stuart, who was born in February this year. Before her marriage last year she was Miss Nicola Weld-Forester, the only daughter of Lt.-Cdr. W. B. C. Weld-Forester, R.N. (retd.), H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Nice. Her husband, the sixth Marquess of Bute, succeeded his father a short time ago. The Butes have a house in Chelsea Square and family seats at Mount Stuart on the Isle of Bute, and Dumfries House, in Ayrshire

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 12 to September 19

Sept. 12 (Wed.) The Queen attends the St. Leger at Doncaster.

Athletics: A.A.A. Floodlit International Athletics at the White City.

British Percheron Horse Society Annual Show and Sale at Histon, Cambridgeshire.

Bournemouth Canine Association Championship Dog Show, Bournemouth.

Sept. 13 (Thurs.) Supreme International Sheep Dog Championships (to 15th), Ruthin, Denbighshire. National Pony Club Championships at Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

Montgomeryshire Agricultural Show, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire.

Oban Ball, Oban, Argyllshire.

Racing at Doncaster.

Sept. 14 (Fri.) Fencing: Ladies' Foil Team World Championship, London.

R.A.F.V.R. Officers' Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Racing at Doncaster (Doncaster Cup).

Sept. 15 (Sat.) Lawn Tennis: Finals of the Junior Championships, Wimbledon.

Old English Sheepdog Championship Show, Grafton Hall, Kentish Town.

Royal Society of British Artists Autumn Exhibition

(to Oct. 6), R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, London.

Racing at Ripon, Sandown Park and Worcester.

Sept. 16 (Sun.) Battle of Britain Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey, 3 p.m.

Sept. 17 (Mon.) Racing at Edinburgh and Wolverhampton.

Sept. 18 (Tues.) Dance: Lady Muir and Nadejda Lady Muir will give a small dance for the former's daughter, Miss Fiona Muir, and the latter's niece, Miss Felicia Guepin, at Blair Drummond, Stirling.

Racing at Edinburgh, Wolverhampton and Yarmouth.

Sept. 19 (Wed.) Royal Horticultural Society's Great Autumn Show at Olympia (to 21st).

Barnstaple Fair, Barnstaple, Devonshire (to 21st).

Golf: Autumn Medal at the Royal and Ancient, St. Andrews.

Fleetwood Music and Arts Festival (to 22nd), Fleetwood, Lancs.

Annual Festival of the Association of Friends of Rochester Cathedral.

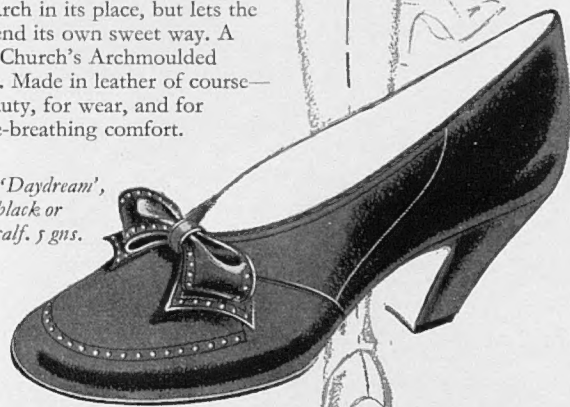
Racing at Brighton (two days), Yarmouth (two days) and Ayr (three days).

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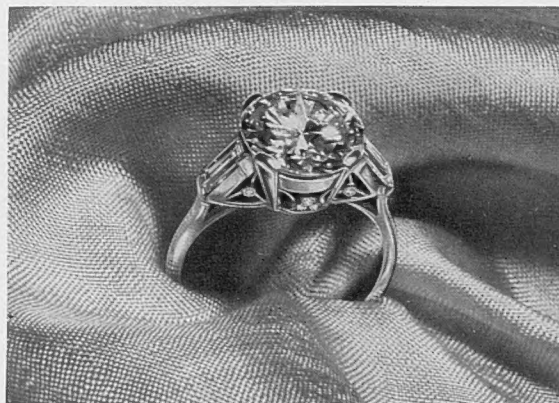
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## Viscountess Hambleden and her son

VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN is the beautiful Italian-born wife of the fourth Viscount, who succeeded to the title in 1948. Before her marriage in 1955 she was Donna Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, and is the daughter of the late Count Bernardo Attolico

of Rome. Their son and heir, the Hon. William Henry Smith, is ten months old. This photograph was taken in the drawing-room at Lord and Lady Hambleden's lovely home, the Manor House, Hambleden, near Henley-on-Thames. They also have a house in London





*Richard Redmayne and Melanie Thrush  
use the club telescope*



*Julia Turner and Michael Newton,  
two of the younger sailors*

*Caroline and William Stevenson and  
Charmian Till arriving*



A LARGE NUMBER of children of varying ages enjoyed a wonderful day's sport at the Royal Motor Yacht Club's Junior Regatta in Dorset. Sailing classes and races took place in fine breezy weather. Julia Rowland, Catherine Culpan, Gail Culpan and Penelope Hooker (above) were watching the races from the club

## YOUNG ELIZABETHANS AT THE HELM





Phillipa Stump, Peter Stump and Joanna Leek dressed for action



Martin and Gillian Minogue and William Andrea-Jones



Valerie Fuke and Gillian Bacon were busily preparing for the handicap race



Anne Goddard getting ready for the junior dinghy race



Geraldine Rowland and John Ketteringham casting off



Jennifer Fuke and Tim Holmes, winners of one of the races



Brian Kirby and Pip Watts expertly going about the operation of hoisting their sails



## HENRIETTA AT HOME

THE HON. HENRIETTA Margaret Fleur Roper-Curzon is the daughter of Lord and Lady Teynham and was born last year. Lord Teynham is the 19th Baron and a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords. Lady Teynham was formerly Miss Anne Curzon Howe



Clayton Jeans

The Social Journal

Jennife

## DEAUVILLE'S RAINBOW SEASON

THE season in Deauville this year was better and gayer than ever. I have never seen the place so full, every hotel packed, every villa open, and even the harbour well occupied with private yachts and motor cruisers, many of them flying the British flag.

Deauville, "La Plage Fleurie," established over a hundred years ago, never fails to charm. The setting is perfect; there are the wonderful stretches of sand along which are placed hundreds of brightly coloured umbrellas and tents from which to bathe and sunbathe. Above this is the long plage with, at intervals, chairs and tables arranged under more coloured umbrellas, where one may take a *citron pressé* or stronger aperitif, outside one of the bars such as the famous Bar du Soleil, or Mrs. Eric's Bar.

Behind here, right along the plage, lie the truly beautiful gardens, perfectly designed in the French style created by Le Nôtre. Many villas and several of the big hotels including the Royal and the Normandy overlook these gardens, the sea and plage—so enchanting an outlook, especially when the sun shines, that it is not surprising that each year great artists and

writers come here again and again to renew their inspiration. Flowers are a feature of the place; every hotel, every villa and many of the shops and cafés have their window boxes on each floor, full of pink or cerise geraniums and other bright blooms, all adding gaiety to the scene.

DEAUVILLE can keep those who are energetic going for twenty-four hours a day! Besides the bathing there are hard tennis courts and a really first-class golf course where Col. Carlton (who in the winter runs the golf course at Mougins near Cannes so efficiently) presides all the summer. There is riding over the lovely countryside, excellent racing on the fine Deauville course or at nearby Clairefontaine each afternoon, followed at 5.30 by two polo matches on the large ground in the centre of the Deauville racecourse. After dark there is the very picturesque theatre in the Casino. This year the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet was dancing for a short season to a packed house and a very elegant audience.

After dinner one evening I went to a recital given by that brilliant pianist Arthur Rubinstein, who finished his programme



with three pieces by Chopin. Here again was a very elegant audience, all in evening dress. There are also plenty of places to dance besides the Ambassadeurs, including the famous nightclub Brummell's, with a cabaret. The Casino is always open for a gamble, and if you are up early next morning you can go and do gymnastics on the big lawn under a very severe and able instructor.

Everything is done with such casual dignity and charm here. The comforts and cuisine of the hotels and restaurants are outstanding. Evening dress is compulsory in the salles privés of the Casino and in the famous Ambassadeurs restaurant adjoining the Casino where they have such superb galas with a firework display on Saturday nights. Here, at the Ambassadeurs, M. André has started "Le Diner Fleuri" twice a week, as he has at Cannes during the winter season.

Deauville is fortunate in having a very go-ahead and hard-working Mayor in M. Robert Fossorier who has already done much for the town and is keen on developing it to the very highest standard. But the real genius of Deauville, as at Cannes in the winter season, is that much loved personality M. François André. His foresight in knowing what is going to amuse and give pleasure to visitors from all parts of the world is incredible. During the season he is always to be found—it seems day and night—quietly going round seeing that every detail is taken care of: it may be to glance before lunch at the cold buffet at the Normandy, to look at the cabaret or a gala, or silently to watch the comings and goings of the elegant clientele from many countries in the big room of the Casino. One can never move far in Deauville without knowing that this great man is near, seeing that all is running to perfection.

I STAYED as usual at the Royal Hotel where M. Mouchet looks after his guests with the greatest care. During my all too brief visit I attended a brilliant gala at the Ambassadeurs here, from a woman's point of view, seeing the gorgeous gossamer dresses of some of the French and South American guests who always come to Deauville for this great week, was as interesting as the first rate cabaret which was enjoyed by the six to seven hundred present. I dined at Ciro's which was also packed. Robert was greeting his clients who included the Hon. Langton de la Roche and his beautiful French-born wife who wore one of the prettiest evening dresses in Deauville. It was of stiff white silk with an under-skirt of pleated pale pink tulle.

Also dining here were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver who had their son Maurice and daughter, Mrs. Crichton, and Mr. Francis Williams and his very chic and well dressed wife dining with them. The Earl of Carnarvon had his daughter Lady Penelope with her; and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland in a big party which included Mr. John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan and other polo playing friends.

THE polo has been first class in Deauville this season with eight teams competing, including three British teams, though not all were composed entirely of British players. The foremost amongst these has been our Hurlingham team with Hari Singh at No. 1, Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland two, and those two magnificent players Rao-Rajah Hanut Singh and Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness, both playing off a six handicap, at three and four. They won the Coupe du Gazon in convincing style, defeating the French "Crocodiles" team 8—3. Playing for the Crocodiles were M. Arnaud de Monbrison, M. P. Mairesse-Lebrun, and the Argentine players, Señor C. de la Serna and Señor Mihanovich.

It was hoped that the Hurlingham team would again produce this form during the final weekend of the Grande Semaine to win the World Championship for the famous Coupe d'Or. Our confidence in the British team was justified. They once again rose to the occasion and, playing a magnificent game, won the final by seven goals to six after an exciting match. The Crocodiles were once again their opponents. Hurlingham won this coveted trophy last year, the first time a British team had done so. Capt. Gerald Balding, who was out there with his wife, and Capt. John Macdonald-Buchanan, accompanied by Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, were members of the Weyhill team, while Capt. Ronald Ferguson, a very promising young player who was accompanied by his pretty young wife, was playing in the Silver Leys team. Spanish Señor Eduardo Aznar was captaining the Puerté de Hierro team which included the brothers Rafael and



## SPORTSMEN AT DEAUVILLE

AMONG the attractions at Deauville recently was the Coupe d'Or World Championship polo match between Hurlingham and a French team, the Crocodiles, comprising M. A. de Monbrison, Sr. Carlos de la Serna, Sr. Y. Mihanovich and M. P. Mairesse-Lebrun (above)



Sir Hugh Dawson, owner of the yacht Verity



Capt. Gerald Balding, with one of the trophies



Baron Elie de Rothschild, the Maharajah of Cooh Behar, Rajah Hanut Singh and the Maharajah of Jaipur

The Hurlingham team: Hari Singh, Mr. C. Smith-Ryland, Rajah Hanut Singh and Col. Humphrey Guinness



[Continued overleaf]





Vandyk

*Mr. L. N. GOLDSON, with his son-in-law, Major Edgar Farr, his daughter Mrs. Farr with Caroline, and his wife Mrs. Goldson, at the Coach House, Saughall, Cheshire*

Juan Echevarrieta and the Argentine player Señor Louis Lalor.

The French Pointe Noire team was suddenly short of a man for the Spanish player Señor Pedro Domecq had to leave for home during the tournament as his mother was ill, but his place was soon taken by Señor Porfiro Rubirosa, a great Deauville personality, who came up from Italy where he was staying to join the team. This included M. Gilles de Monbrison, M. J. Macaire and Mexican Señor Gracida. Other polo personalities I saw during my visit were Col. Hugh Lucas and his wife—he was one of the umpires with M. Henri Couturié—also the Duc de Gramont, President of the Deauville Polo Committee, Baron Elie de Rothschild, a Vice-President, who was staying at the Royal, Italian player Signor Alessandro Noe, and Col. Maurice Fresson.

Racing was interesting each day. The valuable Prix Morny for two year olds, usually instructive for the following year's classics, was won by M. Jean Stern's outsider Mr. Pickwick with Baron de Zulylen de Nyevelt's Le Haar second, and M. Ralph Strassburger's Mourne third. The following day Count Roland de Chambure's St. Leger hope, Vezeley, won the Prix de Reux by two lengths from Doural and Fanfaren. The Grand Prix de Deauville was run the following Sunday and resulted in a victory for the Aga Khan's Tall Chief, with Mr. Strassburger's Montavel second, and Mme. C. del Duca's Claudion III third.

AMONG English visitors racing were Lord Astor who with his brother Jakey has had quite a few winners this season, including four at the recent York meeting. He was staying with the Ali Khan who was also racing, as were Sir Rhys Llewellyn who had several of his yearlings in the sales at Deauville, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley. The Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry arrived in the magnificent de Soto car he has recently inherited with other things from an aunt. Major Herbert Holt and his wife, who was always beautifully turned out, were there, also Sir Henry and Lady D'Avigdor-Goldsmid and their two attractive young daughters Sarah and Rosemary, Lady Goldsmid's mother Mrs. Nicholl, and Cdr. Alan Noble, M.P., and his wife who won a race in England earlier in the month with one of her horses.

Mrs. Andrew Holt, a very gay and amusing Canadian, was sitting at one of the tables in the paddock with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Miller of Pennsylvania who have been living in Viscountess Kemsley's apartment in Paris for the past year. Mr. Miller has decided to begin racing in France during the summer and bought some yearlings at the Deauville bloodstock sales. Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the latter very smart and good looking in pink and grey, motored over from Blomville where they were staying with their nine-year-old son John, and I saw Sir John Coke escorting Vera Lady Broughton. They were both staying with Mr. and Mrs. Strassburger at his enchanting Deauville home, La Ferme du Cocque. Mrs. Sydney Beer, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness, the latter glamorous in cornflower blue, Sir Melvill and Lady Ward who had a runner, Mr. Nicholas Ackroyd, Mr. John Butler and his brother and sister who had come up from Antibes where they had spent a holiday, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, the latter very attractive in a dark blue silk dress with touches of white, and Brig. Willy Wyatt who had been round several of the French studs during his visit, were also to be seen.

Others racing included Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild, Mrs. Donald Fraser whose family have a home near Deauville, Baron L. de la Rochette, M. and Mme. Boussac, the latter very chic in navy blue and white, Mme. Jean Couturié who had several runners during the week, Count Roland de Chambure, and Baron Geoffrey de Waldner. Mr. Michael de Pret was looking at the horses with Mr. Garry Booth-Jones, and M. and Mme. Pierre Chevalier who gave a charming small cocktail party one evening at their Deauville home. Here I met his cousin M. Jacques Renaudin and M. Jean-Gerard Verdier, who both have horses in training in France, Mme. Jacques Renaudin, M. and Mme. de Royer and M. and Mme. Renaud.

I WENT down to the harbour and visited the President of the Yacht Club of France, M. François Ouvré, and his charming wife on board their boat Avor II. Other boats in the harbour included the Household Brigade cutter Gladeye, in which Lt.-Col. Tony Murray-Smith had come over with a party of friends including Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury, the latter working very hard as cook! Sir Hugh Dawson was there on board his motor yacht Verity. Lt.-Col. James D'Avigdor-Goldsmid came over from England with him and they were joined in Deauville by Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn and Sir Hugh's son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies.

A few more of those enjoying Deauville at the height of the season were the young Marquess of Waterford, Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Major Michael Spencer-Smith, Lady Pulbrook, Viscountess Tarbat, whose stepdaughter, the Hon. Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie, came over in a motor cruiser with a party of young friends, Mr. and Mrs. Delmé-Ratliffe, Mr. Jack Clayton, Mr. Ronald and Lady Elizabeth Basset who were staying at the Golf Hotel, Sir Er and Lady Ohlson and the Marquis de Saint Sauveur. A little earlier in the month the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who have rented Sutton Place to American Mrs. Merriwether Post for the summer, and Lord and Lady Dovercourt were among visitors enjoying a holiday here, also at the Golf Hotel.

MANY people have once again been to Majorca to enjoy the real warmth and sunshine—one cannot now add "peace and quiet" as well, as the island has become so popular that when I was there last year I found it hard to find anywhere quiet and not packed with visitors. Formentor, one of the most beautiful bays in the island, has perhaps been the most social spot. Besides the one big hotel here, there are about a dozen villas. The newest of these is Camanda, the very fine one which Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight have recently built high up the rocks, right on the sea. A hard tennis court has been made over the vast water storage tank. They have been spending August there with their daughters Camilla and Amanda and have been entertaining a succession of friends, and their two fast motor boats have been familiar objects, daily whizzing across this very blue bay. Amongst their guests have been Lord and Lady Douglas of Kirtleside and, later, American Mr. and Mrs.



*Mr. Barclay Watson was with Mr. Robin Kemp and Mrs. M. Kemp*



*Mrs. Bryan Marshall receives rosette from the Duke of Beaufort*



Beal. He is one of the leading figures of Boeing aircraft.

Countess Mountbatten of Burma and her daughter Lady Pamela Mountbatten were due to fly on to stay with the Straights from Malta, but Earl Mountbatten had to cancel his proposed visit. The Straights' next door neighbours are that charming couple Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic and their three children. They have had his mother Mme. Banac and his sister Mrs. McLean and her four children staying with them for part of the holidays. Lord and Lady Melchett have been spending the summer in the Villa Planas with their two children and entertaining a succession of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Derek Stanley Smith are in the fine villa which her mother Baroness de Nottbeck rented for six months. Mr. Stanley Smith has been convalescing from the illness he suffered from all through 1955. They also have had a number of friends staying with them this summer including Capt. Iain Moncreiffe and his wife the Countess of Erroll, Viscount Scarsdale, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, and Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell. Comte Baudouin du Bourg de Bozas and his wife are at the Villa Roche.

VENEZUELAN Senor Herrera and his family are at their villa, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Woodward at theirs; and that great character, Mme. Carmen Esnault Pelterie, who is as brown as a berry from Majorcan sunshine, has in her usual hospitable way had many friends at her villa including Italian Marquis Livo Theodoli who was, until last winter, at the Italian Embassy in London. His wife was away in America during August.

Among visitors to the hotel at Formentor were Judge Maude, having a well earned holiday, and his wife the Marchioness of Lufferin and Ava, Lord and Lady Weeks with their daughter the Hon. Pamela Weeks and Lady Weeks's son, Capt. Euan Cunningham, and the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt. Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell and their young family have again been at the villa they took last summer on the other side of the island. Lord More-Belisha stayed in Palma for a week or two, on his way to Venice. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and their daughters have once again been staying at the very delightful Hotel Villamil near Paguera where other visitors have been actor John Mills and his wife, Mr. Tommy and Lady Elizabeth Clyde and their two sons, while Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist made a very brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Stavros Niarchos came into Palma harbour in their yachts Creole and Eros on their way back to the South of France and Italy. They had a party of friends with them including the U.S. Ambassador to Italy, Mrs. Henry Luce, Signor and Signora Giltzen Medici, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brooks, Brando Bendelini, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford. Another yacht to call in at Palma and Formentor was the Reliant with Sir Simon and Lady Marks on board. They had chartered it for a few weeks and were enjoying a really restful holiday cruising in the Mediterranean.

Our issue of August 29 a caption described a guest at Mr. George Arvey's dance for his daughter in County Meath as Mlle. Sophie de Dampierre. This should have read "Miss Georgina Lewis." We apologize to both ladies for the error.



## THE BATH HORSE SHOW

THE Bath Horse Show was held at the Lambridge showground recently. Above: Miss Pepe Hanbury, Mr. Ian Henderson, Miss Sally Collier, Mr. John Baker



A. V. Swaebe  
Mrs. D. Mann with Angus Mann who rode Miss De Beaumont's Jodel of The Golden Fleece



Miss Patricia Cope was in conversation with Capt. B. C. Wilson



Mr. David Somerset, Major G. A. Gundry, Mr. T. Egerton, Capt. F. Spicer, Lady Caroline Somerset



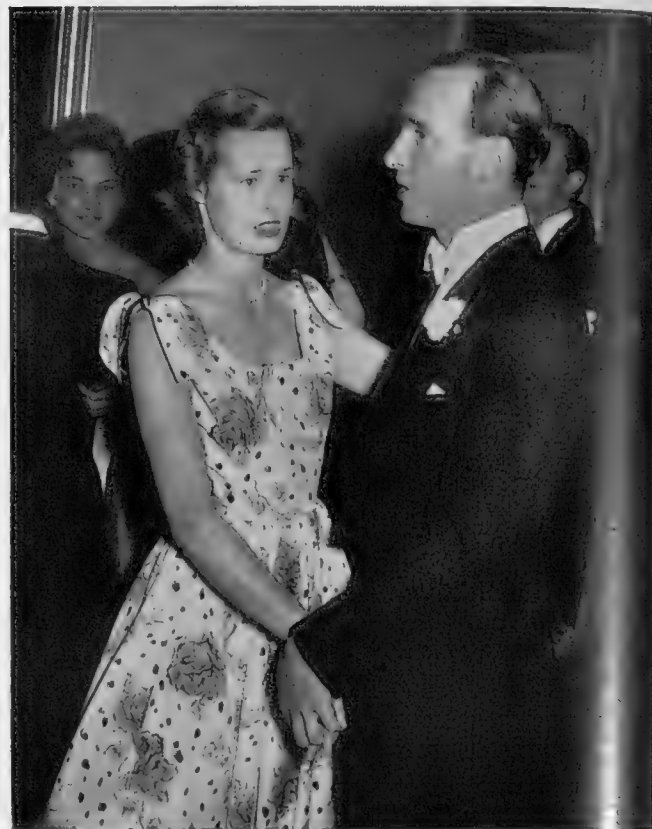
Miss Zia Foxwell with her mother, Lady Edith Foxwell





## A DANCE IN YORKSHIRE

LT.-COL. and Mrs. J. H. Courage gave a coming-out dance for their daughter Miss Angela Courage (above) at Kirby Fleetham Hall, in Yorkshire.



Miss Marigold Curzon - Howe - Herrick dancing with Mr. Charles Fraser

Mr. Ian Ley, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch and Miss Susan Dawson provided impromptu music



Mr. Robert Ropner and Mrs. Ropner in conversation with Lt.-Col. J. H. Courage



Mr. Jamie Judd, Mr. Robin Wilson, Miss Caroline York and Miss Verity Pilkington were among the guests



Mr. Ian Ley and Miss Sally Whitelaw were sitting in one of the rooms at Kirby Fleetham Hall

Peter M. Dearden





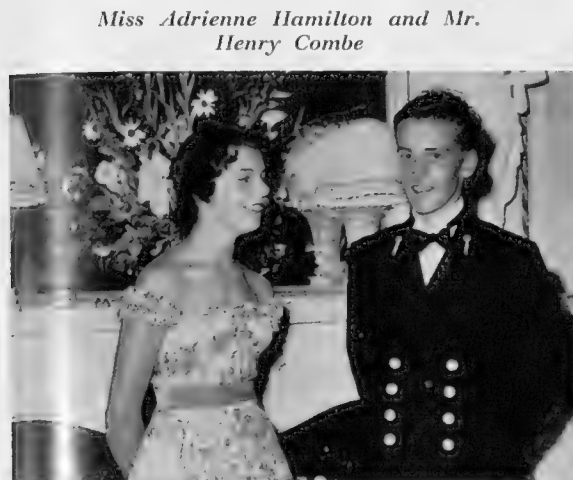
*Miss Anne Peto Bennett and Mr. Benjamin Barnes*



*Miss Sally Heywood and Mr. Edward Stenhouse*



*Mr. Hay Campbell was here with Mrs. Bruno Welby*



*Miss Adrienne Hamilton and Mr. Henry Combe*



*Sir Hector and Lady Lethbridge's daughter Mary*



*Lady Kara King-Tenison and Mr. Nicholas Beddard*

## A DANCE IN SOMERSET

LADY LETHBRIDGE gave a very enjoyable dance for her daughter Miss Lucy Bailey at Orchard Wyndham, Williton, the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wyndham



A. V. Swache

*Miss Penelope Noel, Miss Pamela Simon, Mr. Gerard Noel and Mr. Methuen Noel take over from the band*



*Mr. Jeremy Clowes, Miss Ann Story, Mr. Richard Tottenham and Miss Lucy Bailey for whom the dance was given*





*The medieval church of St. Lawrence at Porto Venere has this remarkable effigy of the saint on the gridiron carved above its main door*

## On the Italian Riviera



*The vines rise steeply up from the water's edge at the small seaside resort of Buonasola near Sestri*

I AM inclined to think that Europe offers few pleasanter stretches of coastline than the Ligurian Riviera beyond the French Côte d'Azur. It has a distinctive charm of its own which strikes you the moment you cross the Franco-Italian border, but its attraction lies in more than the intense beauty of the outward scene. Perhaps, if you begin to analyze it, you realize that it is rooted deep in intangible qualities hard to define: an easy balance between sophistication and simplicity is part of the secret.

But more than that is an innate feeling of continuity and tradition behind the glittering surfaces of the new, so that life retains a vitality which has none of the inanimate two-dimensionality common to so many holiday resorts founded on an artificial economy and synthetic mode of existence.

But that is something that impinges on the mind at a later stage. The stranger coming to the Ligurian coast for the first time cannot be but captivated by the exotic brilliance of its gay landscape, and will perhaps reflect that somehow it seems more matured and stable in contrast with the Côte d'Azur. There the land always seems to have been tamed but recently and with still visible effort, whereas here the man-made contrasts are without harshness and the natural gradations of colourings and textures achieve subtle harmonies that produce an effect of a land at peace with itself.

ONE begins with the problem of getting there. Today the easiest and most comfortable way is by the Aquila Airways flying-boat service from Southampton to Genoa and Santa Margherita. Flights are frequent to both places throughout the summer, with an excursion fare of only £37 and a flying time of just under five hours. If, however, you are prepared to spend as many, or more, days on the journey, and between about £17 and £34 on the single fare—depending on the class of accommodation—you can go out by sea from London or Southampton to Genoa, either on a cargo-passenger vessel or liner engaged on the Far East run, and the short voyage could be an agreeable way of lengthening your holiday without adding appreciably to the cost of it. And you can, of course, sail in the one direction only, travelling by air or land in the other, some of the shipping companies having a reciprocal arrangement with the air lines by which you can do this without losing the benefit of any reduction on the return fare.

The Italian Riviera is divided by Genoa into two portions, the eastern or Riviera di Levante, and the western or Riviera di Ponente, which includes the popular stretch known as the Riviera dei Fiori, the Riviera of Flowers, which commences at Alassio and extends as far west as the French frontier between Ventimiglia and Mentone. This is the more beautiful part of the western coast, and perhaps on the whole the resorts along it are quieter and more select, those on the other side of Alassio tending to be, on account of the proximity of Genoa, crowded and noisy in summer.

SHOULD you not want a too out-of-the-way place, Alassio to my mind is ideal, for it is a colourful and charming resort which provides the amenities and advantages of a sizeable seaside town without the usual drawbacks of crowds and rowdiness. Moreover, and this is rather unusual along the somewhat rocky and precipitous shore, it has a long, sandy beach, with first class bathing facilities, besides excellent hotels and shops in the town. A few miles on, Laigueglia is a small and pretty resort on a smaller scale and the coast west of here as far as the bigger place of Diano Marina is as yet little developed. Around about are small villages where you could spend a pleasant holiday.

San Remo is the only resort on the whole of the Italian Riviera which rivals in size the towns of the Côte d'Azur. For all that it is, I suppose, a good deal less than half the size of Nice and rather smaller than Cannes, though its attractions include a large casino, an eighteen-hole golf course, and an annual summer season of Italian opera, together with a shopping centre that is generally agreed to be the best—and the cheapest—on the coast. Certainly for summer clothes and particularly all kinds of leather goods it is really excellent, and by going into the hectic and fascinating open air market at the back of the town you can find some splendid bargains as well as much entertainment.

Indeed, one of the most charming features about San Remo is the way in which the old quarter of the town continues to live its own distinct way of life alongside the modern summer resort, and there is a great deal to be observed in its narrow, shaded side streets and cool, dark bars and trattorie. Yet that goes for nearly all these Ligurian watering places and by avoiding the obvious





Two views of the beautiful old fishing town of Porto Venere, which has the special character of all medieval towns that even popularity cannot spoil

Michael Dunne

For a tourist traps you can have a great deal of fun and save a pocketful of money.

However, to enjoy the amenities and attractions of San Remo, you do not need to stay in the town itself, particularly if you have a car with you—though local bus services are excellent. There are nearby places which are quiet and not too expensive, among them Capo Verde, Bussana, and Arma di Taggia, a most attractive old town which is fast becoming popularized as a resort. On the side of the town towards the French border there are two very well-known resorts, Ospedaletti and Bordighera. I have to confess that I do not greatly care for the latter, possibly because it rather lacks distinctiveness of character, or possibly because it has been heavily anglicized in the past and still wears the slightly complaining air of most such places. Anyway, I prefer the smaller and prettier resort of Ospedaletti, half-way between Bordighera and San Remo, lying couched in a bay backed by hills which give it protection from the winds of winter, so that the temperature is said never to fall below 50 deg. F., a claim substantiated by the extraordinary luxuriance of the almost tropical vegetation of this idyllic little town.

AFTER Ospedaletti and Bordighera there is only the rather prosaic town of Ventimiglia before you come to the border, and it is time to move over to the eastern Riviera on the other side of Genoa. On the whole this is rather less exploited than the western Riviera and there are many delightful and unspoiled places along its shores. Nearest to Genoa, the bay of Tigullo is most spectacularly beautiful, and while no one could call Portofino unknown, it remains a place of charm and contentment and I would wish myself back there as I write this. The little town lies round an almost entirely land-locked bay, beneath verdant hillsides that push the colour-washed houses close into the water's edge, and the gay brilliance of the scene is completed by the riot of oleanders, poinsettias, bougainvillea and mimosa that grow everywhere.

The place is really little more than a village, but wears an air of bland sophistication that is most engaging, and in the summer the yacht-lined waterfront is flanked by restaurants, an elegant *boîte* or two, and some enchanting little shops, the contents of which—but not the prices—remind one of the Parisian boutiques. Delicious idleness is the keynote of Portofino and perhaps the most pleasant way of speeding the passing hour is to sit out at one of the open air cafés and watch the continual up and down parade of youth and beauty and elegance, sauntering with an insouciant

Latin joy that cannot fail to communicate itself to the stranger and draw him into the current of pleasure.

The shelf of road that clings to the shore between Portofino and Santa Margherita, some five miles away, is startlingly lovely, with the bright, transparent blue of the sea on the one hand and the lush, wooded hills on the other. It is along here that you come to bathe, for Portofino has no beach of its own, but at Paraggi, a village on a quiet, sandy little cove a mile away, there are one or two smallish hotels and *pensiones* where you might stay.

YOUR next choice is Santa Margherita, a bigger place which perhaps lacks the concise intimacy of Portofino, but has a good beach, a yacht harbour, and some excellent hotels, while a few miles farther along the bay there is Rapallo, the largest of the Tigullian resorts, and noted for its temperate summer climate.

The far end of the Riviera di Levante is the least known as far as the English holidaymaker is concerned. A tiny resort which has been strongly recommended to me—though I have not been there—is Buonasola, between Sestri Levante and Levanto, lying away from the main road and the railway and accessible only by a narrow track which leads down from the steep hills that hem in the village, and because of this you can be assured of an absence of crowds and noise.

Two places I myself find most attractive are Lerici and Porto Venere, lying one on either side of the bay in which is situated the important harbour and naval base of La Spezia. Lerici is a place of pleasant villas stretching round a wide curve of hilly shore to the pretty village of San Terenzo, where Shelley lived until shortly before his death. You gain many advantages from staying in a place like this since, although not by any means overcrowded, it has plenty for you to do other than just sitting on a beach.

Across the bay from Lerici, and reached by a good service of fast motor-boats, is the wonderful old fishing town of Porto Venere. Porto Venere has only been “discovered” within the last year or two, and while I would hesitate to speed its doom in any way, I really would suggest going there now just in case it should become spoiled and lose its essential character of a medieval town with tall, peeling houses and dark, blind alleyways. But spoliation along this coast does not really mean what it does elsewhere, and Porto Venere, like most of these other resorts, will long retain its unalterable charm of atmosphere—even if you have to share it with a few other people.

—Richard Graham





"We're delighted to hear, Mrs. Sinclair, that you've finally decided to settle out of court"

## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

GOURMETS and gormandizers and wine-bibbers and sweet-tooths may all lament, and be forgiven for lamenting, the sabre-toothed weather that raged last winter and this summer across what used to be the happiest lands of Europe.

Raymond Postgate has been reporting from the claret and Cognac country round Bordeaux that the winter of 1955-6 is said to have been the worst in those parts—and in Provence, Northern Spain and Northern Italy—for more than two centuries. He tells of olive trees split down their middles as though by a giant axe, and vineyards where as many as eight vines out of ten have been weather-slaughtered. It takes a dozen years to grow an olive tree, so the price of the best olive oil is rocketing. Meanwhile,

there are shops round our way that are rationing their customers to a pint a time.

It takes five years or so to get more than a mediocre wine from the best of vines, and the French Government has had to offer long-term loans at a low rate of interest to viticulturists who are replanting ruined vineyards: I hope it takes the opportunity to persuade some who have been growing sour blackstrap in the Midi, and selling it on the reputation nobly earned by the great wines of France, that their land is more suitable, as a Bordelais once said to me, for poultry-keeping.

IF it weren't for the towering fame of the great clarets and Burgundies and champagnes—along with the German hocks and Moselles, the greatest beverage

wines in the world—wine-drinkers would be readier to admit, perhaps, that France also produces some of the nastiest; and that North Africa, Portugal, Italy and Spain, and a host of other countries over which the Roman legions once marched (some of them now behind the Iron Curtain), all produce better straight-forward table wines than do some corners of Provence.

THE tale of woe is not exhausted by stories of increasingly expensive olive oil and of a disastrous 1956 vintage. I tried to buy my favourite sweetmeat at my favourite chocolate shop the other day, only to be told that the winter's damage to the Mediterranean's almond groves was such that marzipan isn't being made here this year, and that imported marzipan



had shot up to one-and-eightpence for three ounces.

It is a sad thing to be robbed by the convulsions of nature of so innocent a pleasure.

★ ★ ★

"SHAKESPEARE is local to Birmingham." That, I am told, used to be the text pinned up in the London sub-editors' room of a group of provincial newspapers, each of which had its particular logs to be rolled, and local-boy-made-good to be patted now and again on the back, in print.

Whether it is the abiding influence of that local lord of language, I don't know, but Birmingham these days is establishing a claim to be the centre of studies in English—and not only because Alan S. C. Ross who, in his essay on "Linguistic Class-Indicators in Present-day English" in the *Neuphilologische Mitteilung*, began the great U and non-U hurroosh, is Professor of English Language at Birmingham University.

There are other expert and enthusiastic scholars in those parts, too, and the octogenarian Frank Jones, once Second Master at King Edward's School, has contributed to the *Birmingham Post* a lively list of those words of Shakespeare's that persisted until within living memory in Shakespeare's county of Warwickshire.

Some other odd revelations of Mr. Jones's are that at his prep. school, seventy years ago, the word "gaffer" was "applied with every respect to our headmaster," and the word "lousy," in those days, as applied to beer, meant "sparkling." I can think of landlords to whom that would make a lot of explaining.

It is odd to notice how restricted were the use and meaning of some particular expressions, in those days when many a blazer had never in his life visited the town a dozen miles away. "How are you froggin?" says Mr. Jones, was the usual form of greeting when he was a boy—at Sutton Coldfield. Not, mark you, at Birmingham, or in Warwickshire: simply at Sutton Coldfield. I am reminded of the days—and I'm nobbut half Mr. Jones's age—when I once heard a

## SLEEPING BEAUTY

The final summer snaps, of glossy texture, Are yet unborn. The roll of film has some Still unexposed, but maybe this year, next year, If I wait, long enough my prints will come.

—Prendergast

• • •

Lancashire man come into an optician's shop with, "these specs is out o' flunter; they want a-fettlin'," and where in the small cotton town of Bury, to have what is now called a "standard-English accent" was to have it assumed not that one had been educated at Oxford, or that one worked for the B.B.C., but that "e mun come fra Manchester,"—Manchester being a matter of eight miles away.

A valid point made by Mr. Jones is that if words were as local as that (and how much more so in Shakespeare's time than a mere sixty years or so ago!) then how could Bacon or the Earl of Oxford, or any of the other courtiers put forward as the authors of the plays, have known as many Warwickshire words as in fact are used? Positive evidence! proclaims the loyal Birmingham man, "that the author of Shakespeare's plays was actually the man of Stratford." Shakespeare is local to Birmingham, all right, and it is clear that Birmingham won't give him up without a scholarly struggle.

★ ★ ★

SOME weeks ago I recalled here the friend of mine who used, in prewar days, to break his fast on beefsteaks and bottled beer. More recently, a reader of the *Sunday Times* has set off a frolicsome correspondence there by asking when beer for breakfast ceased to be a national habit.

The answer, clearly, is that it is a long time ago, though there are robust and reactionary individualists, such as the London lady who finds, to this day, that "even a Monday morning seems rosier after a glass of beer on an empty stomach," or the evacuee children who startled a Winchester parson in 1939 by turning up their little noses at the matutinal porridge, and demanding doughnuts and beer.

Beer and bread were the boys' breakfast

at Christ's Hospital in the eighteen-sixties, as they were at the then newly-founded Marlborough, where they were drinking beer at supper, according to another correspondent, as recently as the nineteen-twenties. But I fancy that these school tipples were very small beer indeed.

The English breakfast has changed out of all recognition in our own time, and I should like to be shown that anybody is the better for it. Veal cutlets and bacon—preceded, of course, by fish, fresh or smoked, and followed by toast and bitter marmalade—was a standard dish, available every morning, at my own far from rich or fashionable Oxford college in the early nineteen-thirties, but now even one egg and bacon is regarded as heavily old-fashioned. I faint to think how many of my fellow-countrymen begin the day on fruit-juice out of a tin, a processed cereal out of a packet, and precious little else. True, Frenchmen begin their day on bread and butter and coffee—but look at their bread and their butter! To say nothing of the nip of brandy at the café on the way to work, and the lunch they are going to eat.

MENTION of the fruit-juice out of a tin is to recall the large and expensive North-country hotel where, last summer, I asked to be wakened in the morning not with tea but with orange juice. I knew better than to expect *fresh* orange juice (though to squeeze oranges in a big squeezer is as cheap and easy as to open a tin) but I didn't expect to be wakened—as I was—with a proffered bottle of pink and fizzy pop. When I complained that to lower that kind of gassy "orangeade" on to an empty stomach at eight of a Lancashire morning was more than I could face, the answer was, "Yes, I know; we get a lot of complaints."

"Then why do you go on serving it?"

"Well, it's not us, sir; it's the night staff. They say they can't be *bothered*, opening tins."

And then the Hotel and Catering, and the Travel and Holidays Association bigwigs say that "British hotels can compare with any in the world." Yes, I know—but how do they come out of the comparison?

## BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham





# ASHES, BUT NOT DUST

• R. C. Robertson-Glasgow •

WELL, it seems the fashion today to blame old Britannia for everything she does. She is, it seems, very naughty to have had an Empire and to provide wet wickets in Test matches.

Some—not our friends the Australian cricketers—say that we gained the Test series by winning four tosses out of five. But that, as my old headmaster used to say about my Latin Grammar answers, is all moonshine and twaddle. Peter May led England to victory because he commanded the sounder batting, the better bowling and fielding which, for once, was at least as brisk as Australia's. In Jim Laker England had the best off-spin bowler in the world today. Nineteen wickets in one Test, forty-six in the series; these are figures that need no verbal adornment. He was more than ably assisted by left-hander Tony Lock. In any conditions these two were ahead of the two Australian spinners, the painstaking Ian Johnson and the rhythmic but seldom deadly Ritchie Benaud. On wet or sticky pitches Laker and Lock were away on their own.

As to the faster bowling, the mighty Ray Lindwall of Australia has been robbed by the years of some of his speed if none of his craft. Keith Miller was wonderful; with panache and pertinacity gloriously wedded; Ron Archer, strong and zealous, had times of near greatness. Injury kept the left-handed Alan Davidson from the decisive Tests. Even so, I doubt if this faster attack would, on dry pitches, have had anything over our Brian Statham, Frank Tyson (when fit), Trevor Bailey and Freddy Trueman. This is an arguable point. What *isn't* arguable is that England could score against the Australian slow bowlers and that Australia could not score against the England slow bowlers. Indeed, this superiority was able to nullify the possession by Australia of something England hadn't got, a wealth of all-rounders.

But, as Sam Weller would have said, "away vith technique." Let me, for a moment, recapture some scenes from memory's kaleidoscope. First, Keith Miller coming out to bat, in any Test or any other match; everywhere cheered to the crease; not only in honour of a farewell appearance; not only because he's the best all-round cricketer now playing; but because he's the gayest games-player in a world that tends to take its sport more gravely than its work; because, to change the old poem a little,

"This is he

That every boy at school would wish to be"; and, not least, because some of us remember Keith Miller, of the R.A.A.F., who, in the summer of 1945, delighted with his way of cricket a land grown stale with war and hate.

NEXT, Neil Harvey, that wonderful left-hander, shorn of much ease and glory as a batsman, but still struggling by sheer character to modified success; throwing and catching like any baseball star; Ritchie Benaud—Australia's next captain here?—hitting Australia towards victory in the Test at Lord's; Ian Johnson, coming in to bat amid disaster, above his place, because a captain should.

Then, for England. Colin Cowdrey and Peter Richardson opening a batting partnership not without profit; above all, two re-appearances to bat by old masters; each at the crisis; Denis Compton at the Oval, Cyril Washbrook at Leeds. I don't know which was the more tremendous. Surrey's welcome to the King of Middlesex, or Yorkshire's welcome to the Emperor of Lancashire. Then, the Reverend David Sheppard; in style and temperament the very essence of the great amateurs of the past. What novelist or story-writer would have dared to invent what Sheppard made fact, a century on his return for the fourth Test, and 62 in the fifth? Wicketkeeper Evans, too; *willing* his side to win from behind the stumps. And, through all, Peter May, quiet but shrewd controller, firm and elegant batsman, continuing a series of Test innings which place him among the classics.

But, above all the cricket, we remember the people met at the play; those who never write a letter; but there they are; a little balder and greyer; producing the treasured old jokes; talking, thank heaven, the same saving nonsense. Thank you, Australia; thank you, England. Does it matter so much who wins?

## Party given for Test cricketers

A RECEPTION was held at the Simpson Services Club in Piccadilly recently in honour of the Australian Cricket Team which has been touring England. Above: Peter May, England captain, Major A. Huskisson, and Ian Johnson, the captain of the Australians



Miss Hornby was in conversation with Ian Craig, a fine cricketer and member of the Australian team, on the club balcony



Keith Miller, who is the Australian vice-captain, talking to Miss Angela Buxton, who played for Britain in the Wightman Cup against the United States

Sir Gerald and Lady Hargreaves with Earl Howe. Many personalities from different branches of the sporting world were at the party





*Victor Yorke*

## Cowdray's stiff one-day event for Pony Club members

THE COWDRAY HUNT Branch of the Pony Club held a very interesting and exciting One-day Event at Pitsham Farm, Midhurst, Sussex. Neighbouring pony clubs sent teams in support of this popular fixture which took place over a very well laid out course, calling for good horsemanship and quick thinking. The individual championship was won by Miss Diana Samways, a member of the winning Cowdray "A" team. Above: Mary Barnes on Gay Dream clears one of the fences





Vivienne

## A PRINCESS OF INDIA

H.H. the Maharanee of Jaipur is the beautiful wife of Lt.-Gen. H.H. the Maharajah, thirty-ninth Ruler of Jaipur, and the youngest sister of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. Her husband is an international polo player and a great patron of all sport in his own country



*Priscilla in Paris*

## HANDY LITTLE CELLAR ROUND THE CORNER

**Y**ET another cellar on the Left Bank! How courageous are cabaret owners and entertainers to have such faith in the old formula. Why not try the mezzanine floor or an attic for a change? Perhaps it is because responsibility is felt for the guests who depart at dawn; and it is thought less dangerous to ascend than it is to descend. To miss a step when going up means little more than a bumped nose, bruised knees and a slide; but to fall, when going down, may end with a broken neck. Broken necks are not good advertisement for places of pleasure.

Our City Fathers have been busy during the holidays. They have barred those streets that might well have been left unbarred and have opened those it would have been wise to close. This new little *boîte* where one can dine as well as sup, is somewhat off the beaten track, tucked away between the Ministries and Embassies of the rue de Verneuil, a one-way street that can only be entered from the boulevard St. Germain end. One steps from the narrow pavement into the usual *petit bar* that serves as anteroom to the candlelit cellar below. Spanish cooking is a speciality and Spanish guitarists are an agreeable change from jazz; hot, tepid, canned or otherwise. The real appeal the place holds for me, however, is that the rue de Verneuil is just around the corner from my flat and since Josephine is not yet back from ministering to her aged relative. . . .

I left the Island in a hurry as I was no longer able to stand the melancholy aspect of some camping neighbours. I am not fond of campers as a rule, but after three days of continuous rain the lamentable state of a nice young couple got me down. They had four small children, two of which counted as one—so they assured me—being twins. Their arithmetic seemed peculiar, but their hearts were all right!

**U**NDER the deluge the gay, orange hue of their tent had faded to the suspicious-looking grey-pink tint of tinned salmon. This was not disastrous, but it did attract my attention. The result was that I discovered that they were suffering from all the mishaps that assail rash and inexperienced campers.

How it happened exactly I hardly know, but I left them snugly—euphemism for “tightly”—packed into my little shack (which is due for whitewashing and a coat of paint anyway), drove the car to the nearest big town inland and came up to Paris by train. I am rather surprised at myself, but not nearly so surprised as the island milkman will be when he is asked for four litres of milk every morning (or do they take three?) instead of my usual half-litre.

I enjoyed coming up by train. So restful! The high roads of *la belle France* seem to have become death traps this season if one



PRINCE BERNHARD of the Netherlands won a second place in the Schoolproof event at the International Horse Show in Rotterdam. The winner was Mrs. L. Johnstone from England, who with the Prince is seen receiving her award

MME. GEORGES GRAYRAL, the English-born wife of Contre-Amiral Grayral, C.B.E., is a gifted artist and exhibited this summer in the Paris Salon. She is a cousin of the late Dame Lilian Braithwaite

Brodrick Haldane

ay judge by the photographs and lurid comments one sees in the daily press.

Paris is in a betwixt and between state; tourists not all gone and Parisians not all arrived, always with exception being made for the theatrical element. This is well to the fore. Young photograph hunters are eagerly scouting round the Joinville studios in hopes of catching up with Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn. (Not that the last two can be counted as Parisians.) I cite the darlings in order of age, since it is quite impossible to do so in order of preference. Miss Hepburn has handed out a crushing blow to her girl fans by obeying Billy Wilder's request that she should let her hair grow. Hairdressers, however, are happy.

MAURICE CHEVALIER is enjoying an extra spot of limelight and popularity. There are two good reasons for this. He has been paid one million francs for appearing in his song number at Ostend, and he has given that million to the fund collected for the families of the miners of Marcinelle.

Valentine Tessier, golden and sunburnt after the most reposeful of holidays—a chaise-longue in her garden at Neuilly—is rehearsing an old part, the title rôle of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, which is being revived at the Athénée Theatre in a new adaptation by Georges Neveu. Does the autumn season ever open in Paris without *le grand G.B.S.* heading the bill of fare?

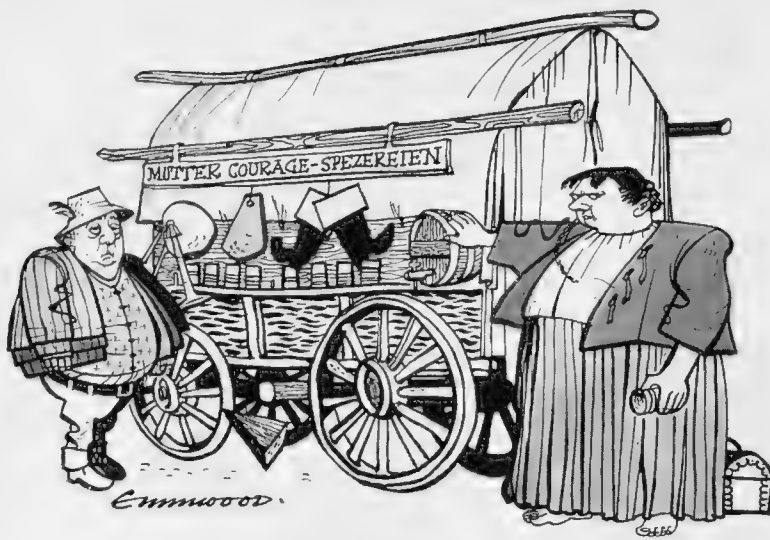
The theatres are slowly reopening and the strip-tease varieties of entertainments that are obstinately produced for summer visitors every year are disappearing. There are many revivals of last spring's successes and, of course, the Four Colonels are still conducting their amours before full houses. A long list of new plays is announced, but what Paris is awaiting with impatience is the creation of *Le Voyage à Turin*, by André Lang. This will be played at the Michodière by that greatly beloved couple, Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay.

### Ces petits choses

- One gains experience from the foolish things one does rather than from the wise.







## At the Theatre

# BRECHT NO THUNDERBOLT

"MOTHER COURAGE" (Palace Theatre). Above: Schweizerkas, a paymaster in the Swedish army (Heinz Schubert) and Kattrin (Angelika Hurwicz) the two doomed children of the indomitable Mother Courage. Below: The Chaplain (Wolf Kaiser) who fears that any association with Mother Courage will brand him as a heretic; Mother Courage herself (Helene Weigel), invincible, and tough as the demands of her time, who makes her living from the war, and does not want it to end; and the sergeant (Gerd Biewer) who decides that discipline is impossible without war, and war without discipline. Drawings by Emmwood



THEATRE experts are no less absurdly self-centred than other experts. For a long while it has seemed to me that the world was inequitably divided. All the vantage points were held by those who had seen Bertolt Brecht's East Berlin company at work. I hadn't, and the sense of inferiority was almost insupportable. The more fortunate drummed it well into me that when eventually I came to accept Brecht's standing invitation to visit his theatre I should at once realize that it was a theatre that made all others look trivial. Meanwhile talk about this wonderful theatre tended to move through a thick Wagnerian fog where inhuman shapes like Epic Drama and Alienation-effect lurched portentously about. Imagine my relief at having the Berliner Ensemble brought to my doorstep.

They have come for a short season to the Palace Theatre complete with their 110 performers, their own orchestra, their own props and their own revolving and duckboard stages, and they are appearing in three of the most famous plays—*Mother Courage, Trumpets And Drums* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. How in the event does the promised revelation strike English playgoers? Not, I fancy, all of a heap.

We are impressed chiefly, I think, by the beautiful cohesion that can be given to acting when the actors have been trained as a team and rehearsed as rigorously as though they were ballet dancers by a producer who knows what effects he wants to make. The three plays move on the stage with the smooth precision of carefully cut films, the actors seeming to pin-point with great ease every effect aimed at; and the aesthetic pleasure we get from the spectacle is considerable.

BUT we who have seen Sir Laurence Olivier play Titus Andronicus in detachment from the crude horror of the old play will find nothing very new in the Brechtian actors who try not to identify themselves with their parts. The idea is that we shall not sentimentalize over the characters as individuals but see them with cool judgment simply as specimens of deluded humanity at the mercy of a non-Marxist society. For drama that is frankly propagandist this seems a sensible enough method; yet it works very imperfectly. *Mother Courage* is a tough *vivandière* of the Thirty Years War who is under the delusion that war is something that the poor, if they have sufficient cunning, can make pay. She is slowly deprived of everything she cherishes, her two sons and her dumb daughter, but on she goes to be left in the end struggling hopelessly in the wake of the armies, a broken down old horse burdened by the shaft of her wheeled cart. She is played by Mme. Helene Weigel, with a beautifully controlled performance. Yet sentiment will come breaking in, and we see the game old lady, not in the dry light of heroic drama, but as an individual whose indomitable will to live makes her heroic.

*Trumpets And Drums* shows that Brecht could vary his Alienation theory out of recognition. It is an anti-Imperialist re-interpretation of George Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* designed to make us laugh shamefacedly at ourselves for ever having supposed that the gallants and ladies of Restoration comedy were anything but callous and greedy and altogether worthless people. This heavy satire full of Marxian sentimentality is played quite straight and with much lightness and dexterity. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, on paper so confused, by repute so destructive of classical theories of drama, turns out on the stage to be a simple and a good joke.

A JOKE perhaps more to our taste is the eloquent devil James Bridie raised up to visit a Highland minister in his manse and almost to prove to him that the force of evil is essential to the working of human goodness. *Mr. Bolfry*—one of Bridie's best balanced and most entertaining pieces—is revived in style at the Aldwych. Mr. Alastair Sim exchanges his old part of the minister for that of the fiend incarnate and puts over Bolfry's dialectic with an enormous chuckling gusto. When he has trapped the young lightweights into a declaration of callous atheism his delight in finding the minister and himself side by side doing battle for their souls is a joy to behold.

Mr. Duncan Macrae, Scotland's leading actor—as yet little known in London—plays the pale, bewildered minister with measure and tact; Miss Sophie Stewart's minister's wife is perfect in its common sense charm; and Mr. George Cole is good and lively as the Jewish Cockney.

—Anthony Cookman

## APPEARING IN CABARET

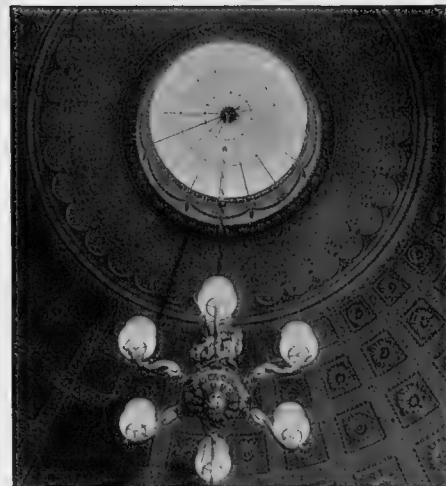
JOAN HEAL is a delightful comedienne who has had great success in revues and musicals. She is now appearing for a month's season at the Cafe de Paris, ending on 29th September

*Photograph by  
Baron*





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
SEPT. 12,  
1956  
488*



*The domed ceiling of the circular dining-room in the central tower*

DOWNTON CASTLE at Ludlow is the home of Major and Mrs. W. M. P. Kincaid Lennox, and was built in 1774 by Richard Payne Knight, who planned a Gothic exterior and a classic interior and who was an ancestor of the Kincaid Lennox family. In 1809 the castle was embellished by Richard Payne Knight's brother, Thomas Andrew, a celebrated horticulturist, who built for himself the tower at the east end of the terrace. Mrs. Kincaid Lennox has been breeding Norwegian elkhounds for a long time and is a well-known championship judge in this country and in America. Known as the Kinburn Elkhound Kennels, Mrs. Kincaid Lennox's dogs have won countless prizes and many high awards. Left: Major Kincaid Lennox walks across the lawn with his daughter Mrs. Hornell

## NORWEGIAN ELKHOUNDS BRED IN SHROPSHIRE

*The fine oak staircase is said to have been made from trees cut on the castle estate*



*The drawing-room seen from the Gothic arch leading from the entrance hall*





*Mrs. Kincaid Lennox and the kennel maids take the elkhounds out in the castle grounds*

Chris Ware

*the circular dining-room occupying the interior of the central tower or south front, is after the Pantheon*

*A corner of the library showing the fine Italian fireplace, over which hangs a conversation piece by Jacob of the Lennox family*







MICHEL RAY, eleven years old (above), plays in *The Brave One* a Mexican peasant boy who adopts a bull calf as his pet, and then strives to save it from the bull ring. The film was made in Mexico

HOT DRUMMING comes from Norman Wisdom (right), the versatile pocket-sized comedian, in his new film comedy *Up In The World*, which depicts him as a window cleaner on a large estate



Arthur Lemon

## At the Pictures

# HOLLIDAY IN THE BOARD ROOM

*Elsbeth Grant*

**S**IR GALAHAD's boast—if such a gentile knight can be accused of boasting—was that his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. The same goes for Miss Judy Holliday in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*—a modern American fairytale about Big Business.

Miss Holliday figures as an out-of-work actress, resting after an exhausting season in Shakespearian rep. "Shakespeare—boy, is that tiring! You never get to sit down unless you're a king!" she says—a remark which when one comes to think of it, seems oddly true and certainly indicates the practical child's-eye view Miss Holliday takes of life.

She has been left ten shares in a vast New York corporation. Out of curiosity and having nothing better to do, she goes along to a stockholders' meeting. To the annoyance of the directors, principally sour Mr. Fred Clark and suave Mr. John Williams, and the amusement of the retiring chairman, Mr. Paul Douglas, Miss Holliday asks a number of innocent and embarrassing questions. Why do the directors draw such enormous salaries? What do they do for the money? Isn't 175,000 dollars absurdly high pay for six hours' work?

**M**ESSRS. CLARK and Williams, behaving although Miss Holliday had uttered blasphemy, are quick as pickpockets to rule "out of order" her motion that they are grossly overpaid: Miss Holliday withdraws defeated but with the light of battle in her eye and, as we say in Denmark, blood on the tooth. She is present at every subsequent meeting and is persistent in her tiresome questioning that Messrs. Clark and Williams decide to gag her with a remunerative job in the organization. Their rashness is suitably rewarded.

Though Miss Holliday is not, on the face of it, equipped to enter the lists against rogues armed cap-à-pie with cast iron dishonesty, her heart is pure. So she is able to cut through their crookery as a pneumatic drill would cut through a bathbun. Before you can say "debenture," Messrs. Clark and Williams are out on their ears among the wolves of Wall Street and Miss Holliday, installed as the corporation's secretary and treasurer, has reinstated the honest chairman, Mr. Douglas, married him and received from the grateful stockholders just what the film's title says.

One can't help feeling that either the stockholders or Messrs. Columbia Pictures must have some interest in the Cadillac company, for a platinum Rolls-Bentley or something tasteful from Tiffany's would have been equally acceptable as a token of esteem and would not have necessitated, as the chosen gift does, a disconcerting last minute photographic switch from black and white to colour.

Though we may, if we have many more films about Big Business, begin to pronounce board room bore-room, Miss Holliday's



IT'S BIG BUSINESS run riot when Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday get together in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*

devastating ingenuousness—a velvet glove concealing a technique of steel—makes this a highly diverting comedy.

It is not often that an American film company concerns itself seriously with the political and racial problems of another country. Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are to be complimented for having done so in *Bhowani Junction*. It is an impressive picture which convincingly presents the seething unrest and the plight of the Anglo-Indian in India in 1947.

The British are preparing to quit India. It is Mr. Stewart Granger's duty, as a British colonel, to maintain law and order up to the moment of departure. His efforts are hampered by misguided patriots, practising passive resistance, and Communist-inspired rioters dedicated to violence, plunder and bloodshed.

Mr. William Travers, a railway employee, and Miss Ava Gardner, a member of the Indian W.A.A.C., are Anglo-Indians. Their allegiance is to the British—but what will become of them when the British pull out? They can, it seems, stay in India and be treated as inferior Indians, or go to England and risk humiliation there. They belong to neither race.

There must, inevitably, be a love interest, so the film revolves around Miss Gardner's relationships with three men—Mr. Travers, who adores her in his clumsy way, Mr. Francis Matthews, a devoted Sikh whom she considers marrying to establish herself as an Indian, and Mr. Granger, who is willing to abandon his career to make her his wife.

UNCONVENTIONAL melodrama seeps, regretfully, into the closing reels, but does not detract from the honesty with which the case for the Anglo-Indian has been stated, nor does it destroy the impression of absolute authenticity conveyed by the magnificently handled crowd scenes—a station platform overrun with agitators, rows of white clad passive resisters prone on the railway line, the mad-eyed mob storming through the market place to burn the silk merchants' lovely wares, the dead and dying carried by sweating rescuers from the smoking wreckage of a dynamited train.

Mr. Granger has an air of authority which goes well with those becoming touches of grey at the temples, and under Mr. George Cukor's direction, Miss Gardner, who looks perfectly beautiful whether in uniform or in the sari she temporarily affects, confirms most satisfactorily one's suspicion that she is a very considerable actress.

Three young Americans, Messrs. Lionel Rogosin, Mark Sufrin and Richard Bagley, are responsible for the most painfully memorable film I have seen in years. *On The Bowery* is a documentary which cannot fail to fill you with horror and pity. It is terrible to see, and doubly terrible because it is true.



**MARRIAGE PROBLEMS** involving a middle-aged man and his young wife are presented in a brilliant and daring comedy *Smiles Of A Summer Night*, a Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote *Frenzy*. The film stars four of Sweden's most beautiful actresses, one of whom, the youthful Ulla Jacobsson, last seen in *One Summer Of Happiness*, is here in a scene with Gunnar Bjornstrand. *Smiles Of A Summer Night*, which won a major award at the Cannes Film Festival, opens at the Academy Cinema on September 21





"THREE CHILDREN IN A PARK" by Cuyt (1635), on view at the Royal Academy exhibition of paintings of children by Dutch artists, which lasts until Sept. 30

### Book Reviews

## A VIRTUOSO NOVELIST

by

Elizabeth Bowen



ROSE MACAULAY's latest (and possibly greatest) novel is *The Towers Of Trebizond* (Collins, 13s. 6d.). It is also her first since *The World My Wilderness*, published in 1950. Miss Macaulay is one of the few writers of whom it may be said, she adorns our century, bringing to it high qualities—style, wit, laughter and learning—which on the whole we connect with happier times. Civilization, her work reminds us, is *not* over. The re-issue, this season, of her *Potterism*, written in 1920, is well-inspired—fresh, applicable as though it were written today, that early masterpiece merits renewed life. Miss Macaulay has dazzled more than one generation. And, better still, she has caused more than one generation to sit up.

No writer above a level can be classified. Terms such as "satirist" or "romanticist" seem, in this case, to be either misfit or so inadequate as to be misleading. Each novel coming from Rose Macaulay has shown more than one facet of her diverse genius: *The Towers Of Trebizond* unites and gives play to them all. This is a novel in which travel plays a great part—travel indeed is a passion with the characters. Yet the narrator Laurie and her Aunt Dot are not submerged by the landscapes in which they find themselves.

LARGE in the cast looms a camel, of such a kind as to have stolen any story other than this. Religion is a theme; but, great as it is, it is not allowed to outweigh or displace others. And, in the same sense, the historic past does not wither the living moment. The love story gains in depth and force by being touched upon rather than fully told. And over much of the tale shimmers lovely comedy.

The scene, throughout the greater part of *The Towers Of Trebizond*, is Turkey. Hither have come Aunt Dot, her niece (in the rôle of illustrator for a proposed book), the High-Anglican Father Chantry-Pigg, and Dot's white camel, which is to be used for transport. This party, which has impressed into its ranks a Turkish woman doctor, Halide, is a self-constituted mission—object, the conversion of Turkish women to Anglican Christianity. There are, however, diversions along the way, some caused by the temperament of the camel, some by that of Father Chantry-Pigg, who is zealous rather than diplomatic.

And Doctor Halide—who, back again in her homeland, proves less progressive than she had seemed in London—is also a brake upon activities: a somewhat touchy patriotism grips her.

To attempt to convey the dotty and noble charm of this escapade—or should one call it crusade?—would on a reviewer's part be a bad error. You *must* read, to see how Miss Macaulay has done it. And no less absorbing are the travels themselves, the scenes, the encounters and the adventures. This novelist, without meaning to, will I fear put innumerable "straight" travel-writers quite out of business. *The Towers Of Trebizond* is, among other things, an enchanting skit on the present popularity of travel books.

"How everyone gets about," said Aunt Dot. "I wonder who else is rambling about Turkey this spring. Seventh Day Adventists, Billy Grahamites, writers, diggers, photographers, spies, us, and now the B.B.C. We shall all be tumbling over each other. Abroad isn't at all what it was."

DOT's eye has been unavowedly fixed on Russia—if not for the reasons mostly ascribed in these days—and theological enterprise makes Father Chantry-Pigg her secret ally. The two, accordingly, slip through the Iron Curtain (with no more trouble, apparently, than if it were a bead curtain) leaving Laurie landed with the camel and a more than ticklish series of explanations. Asia Minor is now to offer the scene for Laurie's meeting with her cousin Vere, and for total happiness. Later Syria, then the Holy Land, enter the story; then there is London, and a lovers' Venice, before the heartbreaking end.

One can speak of *The Towers Of Trebizond* almost endlessly, without touching—is a reviewer shy?—on this novel's poetry, humanity, spiritual import, intellect and above all emotion. Trebizond, with its vanished compelling towers, is the symbol on which everything turns—the centre. Delicious as are the rivolties, nothing in this book is out of scale with the majestic conception.

★ ★ ★

A FAIRY tale for children of all ages, not least for those by now disguised as grown-ups, is **The Little Laundress And The Fearful Knight** (Faber, 10s. 6d.). Bertram Bloch, author, and his illustrator George Shanks have between them brought into being a gay world of dragons, knights, witches and damsels in distress—the time is nominally King Arthur's, but the language and the allusions are contemporary. Oh, how great was the wear-and-tear of the days of chivalry—and how sad the predicament of our mild young knight, so very much happier out of armour! The Little Laundress, pretty as they come, is a girl with her wits about her: and she needs them.

No friend like a witch. This particular lady has the imposing presence of the president of an American women's club, and employs, for her magic, psycho-analytical methods. Altogether, *The Little Laundress And The Fearful Knight* combines the appeal of the Days of Yore with a high-spirited parody of our modern hobbies. I recommend the book for family reading aloud—if there still are families who keep up this practice? There should, however, be pauses in which the book may go round from hand to hand, to allow of picture-seeing. For, the double-page drawings are, decidedly, an important part of the story.

★ ★ ★

WITH **The Diehard** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) Jean Potts gives us her best mystery story yet. (*Go, Lovely Rose* and *Death Of A Stray Cat* have already brought this American writer into appreciative British notice.) This time, we have—as the publishers point out—not a "whodunit" but a "who'lldoit." That is, the central character is obviously due to be bumped off: a number of persons have reason to wish his death. Which hand is, finally, to strike him down?

Actually, Lew Morgan, middle-aged small-town magnate, meets his end in a manner no one predicted, and for which no person is directly accountable. And yet . . . are there not such things as sub-conscious impulses, and may they not be acted upon unknowingly? Lew is high-handed, attractive, bumptious—bully as a father, tricky as a friend, he is loved wholeheartedly by one quiet woman. The domestic setting is excellently done, in the best Potts manner, so is the social life which surrounds the Morgans. In fact, *The Diehard* would qualify as an absorbing novel, even without its hanging-sword suspense.



Clayton Evans

RALEIGH TREVELYAN, whose diary of a young infantry officer at Anzio, called "The Fortress," is published by Collins this month

THE HON. JULIAN FANE, brother of the Earl of Westmorland, whose first novel "Morning" (John Murray) is having a great success

David Sim





by Isobel

Vicomtesse d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

# PARISIAN EVENING

JACQUES FATH. The vivid scarlet ball dress (right) is in heavy satin and has a pleated, strapless bodice cut straight at the top, and a wide, draped hoop skirt crossed and caught up at the front with an outsize diamante brooch, in sparkling contrast with the lustre of the satin. On the left is another evening dress by Jacques Fath, which is strapless and ankle-length, the skirt falling lower at the back. In white brocade, it is animated in front by a cascading coquille which gives the skirt a distinctive swirling and backwards flowing line. Photographs by Michel Molinare









BALMAIN. Above are an evening coat and an evening dress which echo the grace and luxury of the Edwardian era. The coat is made of rich turquoise satin, generously cut to wrap around in front, and collared and edged in fabulous natural lynx. The dress is in natural satin and has a halter neckline and very skilfully draped bodice and skirt

JEAN DESSÈS. The drifting evening dress on the opposite page is in the romantic tradition. It is in three-toned *café-au-lait*, charming on either a debutante or a sophisticated woman. The bodice has shoe-string shoulder straps in a pale cream colour which blends into a darker shade of coffee round the waist and in the front of the skirt and pales to cream again at the back

*A French accent upon Edwardian splendour*







DIGBY MORTON. Above is a short evening dress and coat from the collection of Digby Morton. The dress is in white silk printed in a delicate pattern of full-blown roses; it has a scoop neckline and a full skirt. The matching theatre coat is in a soft rose velvet

WORTH. This designer advocates the directoire look for the evening (centre). This lame brocade short evening dress is in shades of cream and gold, sprayed with green flowers. The crossover front reveals a green net underskirt which matches the swathed sash and stole

NORMAN HARTNELL. Opposite is an evening dress in emerald green velvet, worn with a snowy fox fur stole. The dress has a wide boat neckline of white velvet studded with diamante and a softly moulded bodice flowing into a full bell-shaped skirt



English clothes set in the magic of an



English garden





CHOICE FOR THE WE

## THE BASIC DRESS

THIS sophisticated dress by Marcus is a perfect standby for the coming months, since its slim lines make it readily adaptable from afternoon to cocktail time. It is in violet worsted wool crepe, moulded to the body with a high cross-over bustline and three-quarter length sleeves, price 17 gns. Black cocktail hat (opposite), 13 gns., black suede bag, £14 19s. 6d., suede glove 59s. 6d. The pastel-dyed musquash fur (this page) costs 42 gns. and the swans-down hat £7 19s. 6d. All obtainable from Marshall and Snelgrove







# Lighthearted novelties

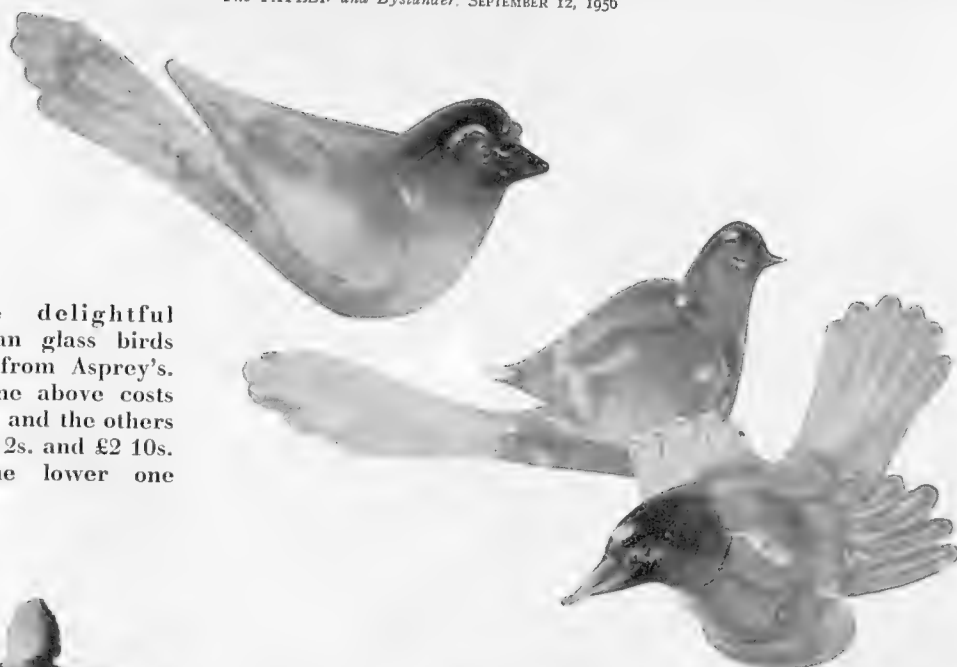
*HERE* are some of the unusual, amusing and decorative objects to be bought for use and decoration in your own home or as wedding presents. If you are wise, it is a good idea to start looking at the shops now for possible Christmas presents; December is not far off! — JEAN CLELAND



Above is a very gaily painted Austrian musical cigarette box, with opening and shutting doors, obtainable at Finnigans, £19 10s.

Another idea for an amusing present is this musical cigarette box, shaped like a grand piano, also from Finnigans price £7 9s.





These delightful Venetian glass birds come from Asprey's. The one above costs £2 2s., and the others are £2 2s. and £2 10s. for the lower one



A delightful miniature clock, a good idea for a wedding present, costing £13 13s. It can be obtained from Harrods



Two Italian pepper mills (right), which come in white, green or red, price £7 10s. each, obtainable from Asprey's



The sad-looking clown, in almost-edible Venetian glass, striped and curled in lovely colours, costs £25, and can be bought at Asprey's





A RING of zircon and diamonds that is a fitting adornment for a beautiful hand. Mappin and Webb, £50. Matching necklet, £90, and ear-clips, £200



Beauty

Jean Cleland

## Finger "tips" on the hands

"WHAT," I asked experts in some of the leading beauty salons, "is the most pressing problem at this time of year?" The answer was prompt and unanimous. "Dryness and brittleness, particularly of nails and hands." As if I didn't know. If the requests I get for advice on this subject are anything to go by, there is plenty of need for the various treatments and nourishing preparations which are available for counteracting the trouble.

One thing I cannot stress too forcibly or too often. If your finger nails are splitting and breaking, do set about some good and reliable reconditioning as quickly as possible. This is a trouble which if neglected can often lead to most distressing results.

Let us first of all consider what *causes* the nails to break and get out of condition. It may be due to illness or just being run down, in which case a good tonic is a help. So, too, is milk which is rich not only in fats, but in calcium. This may not be your favourite drink, but it can be very palatable in hot weather, if drunk ice cold, straight out of the refrigerator. As the health improves, so the condition of the nails improves with it.

OTHER reasons for nail splitting and breaking are various. Careless filing with a steel file is one. Filing the nails too far down at the corners is another. Using a harsh acetone nail varnish remover can also be bad if the nails are of the brittle type. Much better to use an *oily* polish remover for it is not nearly so drying.

Lastly, do bear in mind that some detergents have a harmful effect on the nails. Make use of the excellent barrier creams, for they are splendid protective coverings. They can be had for dry and wet work, and are a wonderful safeguard.

One of the best, and most simple basic treatments for "feeding" the nails, and nourishing and softening the hands themselves, is an olive oil hand bath several times a week. Pour the oil into a Pyrex or any other heat-resisting basin, and stand this in a bowl of hot water. While the oil is heating, wash the hands in hot soapy water to open the pores and make the skin pliable. Next, soak them in the warm oil for five or ten minutes

—the longer the better—and then dry off the surplus greasiness on a towel. If this is done regularly for a time, it will help greatly to do away with the dryness, and make the nails supple.

Olive oil treatment, good though it is, is not sufficient on its own. When the nails are breaking they need strengthening, as well as treating with something to encourage the growth. There are excellent preparations specially designed for this purpose, and one I can heartily recommend is the "Cresto Nail Revitalizer." This is a herbal preparation, which nourishes the cells at the base of the nail. It is excellent not only for preventing breaking, but also for getting rid of those little "ribs" which, usually caused by acidity, spoil the look of a good manicure. It should be well massaged round the base of the nail every night until the trouble improves, and then twice a week to maintain a healthy condition.

THE next step in our curative treatment is nail protection. For this I know of few things better than Revlon's "Nail Builder" set, which, as you probably know, consists of a base coat called "Frosted Prolife." This goes on before the varnish to create a protective film. It is followed by a top coat called "Supersealer," to seal the enamel, and act as a safeguard against chips and breaks. These two together really do help to make the nails stronger, and stop them from splitting.

Latest Revlon news is of a new finger-tip fashion called Pink Frosteds. This they tell me is the most up to the minute way of wearing this season's ever popular pink. There are three shades from which to choose—"Frosted Snow Pink," "Pink Platinum" and "Pink Cloud," all of which look most attractive worn with sun-tanned hands. Pink Frosteds have a gleam like pearls, and are very long lasting. The new formula ensures that the enamel will not peel or chip off, and makes it unnecessary to use a base coat first. I like the Pink Frosteds best for evening wear, although Revlon's recommend them from "cottons to cocktails." Try them and see what you think.

Also from Revlon's comes what they describe as a "double helping" called "Cherries à la Mode." This is a lipstick and nail enamel in a lovely new cherry red, a cheerful glowing colour, which I predict will be a great favourite this autumn.



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nothing like

*Nylon*



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## Helena Rubinstein's **SILK** Face Powder gives you lasting luminous loveliness

FROM THIS MOMENT ON—light up your beauty with the radiance of real silk! Yes, Helena Rubinstein's fabulous SILK FACE POWDER not only contains real silk—it *acts* like silk... like the finest, sheerest silken veil! From the moment you touch it to your skin, it *clings*, with all its natural magnetism. Clings and clings... for pure silk *absorbs* moisture—never dries, never clogs. Your make-up stays immaculate, while your skin still breathes beneath.

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## THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Belinda Mary Pemberton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Baring Pemberton, of Manor House, Billingshurst, Sussex, is to marry Mr. John Hilder, younger son of Major and Mrs. T. M. M. Hilder, of Iping, Midhurst, Sussex



Vander



Miss Anne Helena Curran, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Curran, of East Park Parade, Northampton, is engaged to Mr. John Havard, eldest son of Dr. R. E. Havard, of Sandfield Road, Oxford, and the late Mrs. Havard

Pearl Freeman

Miss Sara Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox and of Lady Esme Gordon-Lennox, of Abingdon Court, W.8, is to marry Sir Andrew Montgomery-Cuninghame, Bt., elder son of the late Col. Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, Bt., and of Mme. Jan Kilander, of Hyde Park Street, London, W.2

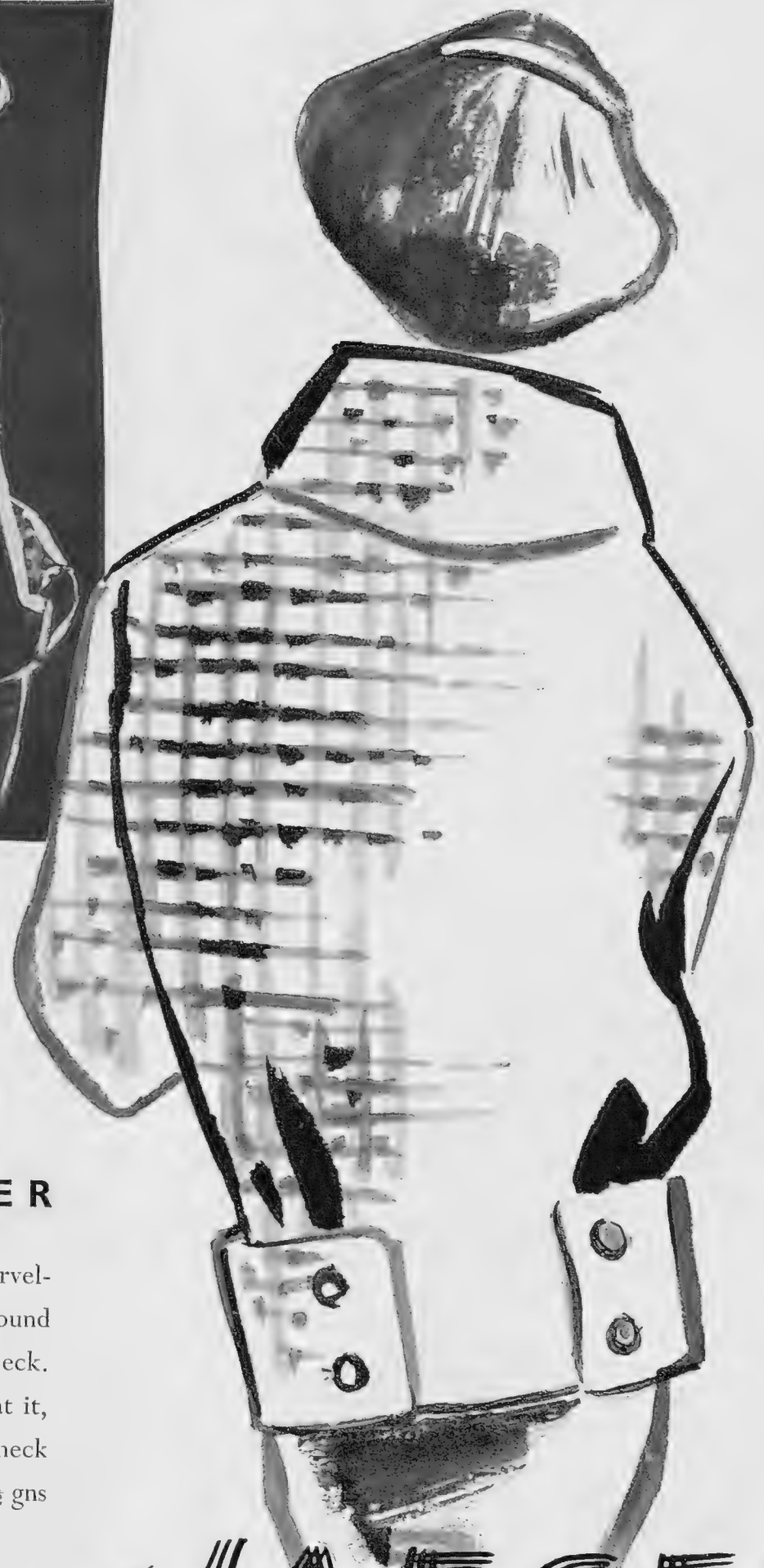


Fayer



Miss Susan Eve Hanbury, daughter of Capt. T. F. J. Hanbury, M.C., of Letcombe Bassett, Berks, and of Mrs. Oliver Barnett, of St. George's Court, Brompton Road, S.W.3, is engaged to Capt. Philip Nicholas Miles Jebb, R.A., son of the late Col. Miles Jebb, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Jebb of Ebury St., S.W.1

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# THEY WERE MARRIED



**Cremer—de la Haye.** Lt. Donald Henry Cremer, R.N., the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cremer, of Brockenhurst, Hants, was married to Miss Yvonne de la Haye, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. de la Haye, of Bradbury Road, Solihull, Warwickshire, at the Church of St. Alphege, Solihull, Warwickshire

Roy Dixon



**Nicholas—George.** Capt. Oliver Richmond Nicholas, Royal Artillery, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Nicholas, of Lowther Gardens, London, S.W.7, married Miss Susan Margaret Burr George, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. B. George, of Herbert House, Well Hall Road, London, S.E.9, at the Royal Military Academy Chapel, at Sandhurst

**de la Bedoyere—Gough.** Count Quentin Michael de la Bedoyere, son of Count and Countess de la Bedoyere, of Edge Hill, Wimbledon, S.W.19, married Miss Irene Therese Gough, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martyn Gough, of British Columbia, and Redcliffe Square, S.W.10, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, S.W.3



**Inchbald—Foster.** Capt. Euan Inchbald, the son of Major and Mrs. P. E. Inchbald, of Wraxall Manor, Dorchester, Dorset, married recently Miss Sally Ann Foster, the only daughter of Mr. W. A. Foster, of Shore House, Bosham, Sussex, and Mrs. V. Foster, of East Lodge, Fareham, Hants, at Holy Trinity, Fareham



**Page—Ingram.** Dr. Arthur Reginald Webster Page, son of the Rev. G. W. Page, A.K.C., R.N. (retd.), and the late Mrs. Page, of The Rectory, Droxford, Hants, married Miss Elizabeth Frances Ingram, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Ingram, of Warsash, Southampton, at St. Mary's, Hook-with-Warsash



**Cliff—Collins.** The marriage took place at St. Mary-le-Boltons, London, S.W.10, of Mr. Walter John Cliff, son of Mr. C. H. Cliff, and Mrs. F. V. Long, of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Heather Ashley Collins, of Draycott Place, London, S.W.3, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Collins, of South Australia



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Lt.-Col. J. D. H. Smith-Maxwell

The Lord Lieutenant, Earl  
Spencer, and Countess Spencer



## Olympic riders win rosettes

AT DUSTON, Northants, Mr. Dorian Williams, M.F.H., congratulates Miss J. Kent (above) on winning a hunter cup at the British Timken Show



Mr. Freddie Welsh, a first  
prize-winner, on Solar Rose

Mr. J. Pascoe presents the British  
Timken Cup to Mr. H. G. Potts



Eric Ager

## Motoring

# ESTATE CAR OF HIGH PERFORMANCE



A BLURRING of motor car type definitions has occurred in recent years and now the "sports" car can sometimes look as if it were akin to the family saloon. But basically I suppose it would be true to say that the sports car comes at one end of the scale and the estate car at the other. And the estate car has made a bid for popularity of the greatest significance and interest.

It has attracted custom because it is a means of fulfilling the desire to make one motor car do many things. The new Standard Vanguard Estate car, which was announced by the company a week or so ago, is a six-light, six seater of quite pleasant exterior lines; yet it has a payload capacity, with three-up and the rear seat folded, of 5 cwt. and an interior volume of 50 cubic feet. Even more remarkable is the fact that the effective floor length, with rear seat folded and tail gate down, is 7 ft. There are upper and lower tail gates, self-retaining in the open position, and the lower one can be used to give additional luggage space.

WITH a two-litre engine and a top speed—according to the manufacturer's figures—of over 80 miles an hour, the fuel consumption (again maker's figures) is between 28 and 34 miles to the gallon according to the driving method. The Laycock Normanville overdrive is an optional extra. It is electrically operated and works on second and top gears. The three-speed gearbox has a steering column control lever. When Standard announced the Vanguard Estate car, they also announced the Vanguard Sportsman model. This has an engine with a somewhat higher compression ratio than the other and a correspondingly higher top speed. The price of the Vanguard Sportsman is £820 basic and the tax is £411 7s. The price of the Estate car is £765 basic and the tax is £383 17s.

A Commercial Motor Show exhibit which demands attention here is that by the Rover company. The company decided to show eight models, as well as a chassis, of the Land-Rover. No major changes are to be noted in these vehicles other than an improved steering system which gives lighter operation.

How much the angularity of the Land-Rover has contributed to its success it would be hard to say. Many people have the "no nonsense" complex and, when they buy a vehicle for tough duties, like it to look tough. The normal colour of the Land-Rover is grey, but companies which operate fleets of them usually have them finished in their house colours. No colour scheme, however, can take away from this vehicle its look of determined toughness.

THE Paris Salon (opening date October 4) is likely to provide a hint on what technical novelties may be expected later at Earls Court. But correspondence which reached me after my article had appeared in the issue of August 29 indicates that automatic transmission is largely in the mind of the ordinary buyer. If there are to be automatic transmission systems in cars of low price, it now looks as if they will be of United States origin. I regretted the announcement that the interesting little Lanchester with the Hobbs transmission had been abandoned, and I hope that we shall hear that this model may be taken up again in one form or another. It held great promise, although early development with such models is always a lengthy and sometimes an expensive process.

It may be possible at a future date to refer to the Battle of Britain Rally. It is organized by the Royal Air Force Association Motor Club and the Per Ardua Motor Club. The marking is done on main and time controls, sealed watches being used by the competitors. It is held in a week which is full of events of importance, but its merits as a rally are considerable.

—Oliver Stewart

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GINO (FIORENTINI) of the Criterion Grill, A la Broche, Jermyn Street, was born in Rome and joined the restaurant business in 1920, following the family footsteps. He has worked at Oddenino's, Claridge's, the Ritz, the Berkeley, Quaglino's, and the Cafe Royal

Ivon de Wynter

## DINING IN

# American flavour

THE U.S.A. stand at the *Daily Express* Food Fair has, probably, been the most heavily attended of all the exhibits from abroad. Folk queue for long periods just for the opportunity of sampling food that they already know fairly well in this country. I must say that the stand presents a marvellous example of American efficiency. The office side of the operation is a joy to behold, with smartly-dressed typists in full view of the public, behind huge sheets of plate glass.

This exhibit has created a tremendous interest in food from the United States. Many people have asked for recipes for transatlantic dishes and among those most frequently asked for is Lemon Pie. Here is a recipe I can vouch for, as I have used it for many years:

Line a shallow pie tin with your own rich short crust pastry, made with plain flour, butter and egg yolk. Prick the bottom, then line the tin with greaseproof paper and fill it with crusts. Bake for 15 minutes at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6. Remove the crusts and paper, brush the pastry with beaten egg, then return the pie to the oven for a further 10 to 15 minutes to finish baking and for it to brown.

Now the filling: In a small pan, mix together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of caster sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup plain flour and a pinch of salt. Stir in  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups of boiling water. (The mixture will not lump.) Stand the pan in another one of boiling water or stir over a low heat if you are proficient at this sort of thing, until the mixture has cooked clear and has no longer any taste of uncooked starch. Add 2 teaspoons butter and remove from the heat. Beat together the yolks of 3 eggs and the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Gradually whisk these into the thick mixture, then return to the heat and stir until the mixture re-thickens sufficiently. (If you like a firmer filling, increase the amount of flour in the first place.)

Turn the mixture into the baked pie shell and at once cover with a meringue made with 3 egg whites and 3 oz. of caster sugar—and here is a tip worth knowing: Whip the egg whites until they are very stiff and dry. Add 2 tablespoons of the caster sugar and whip until the egg whites peak again. Mix well together the remaining sugar and 3 flat teaspoons of cornflour. Fold into the meringue. Pile this on the lemon "curd," making sure that it touches the pastry all round the edge of the filling, because it will then not slip into the centre and leave the lemon mixture exposed. Place in a slowish oven (350 deg. F. or gas mark 3 to 4) and bake for 25 to 30 minutes to colour the meringue.

That addition of cornflour (which is the real tip) will prevent those beads of syrup and "wetness" which so often mar meringues.

—Helen Burke

## DINING OUT

# Fast and furious

MR. TOM MARVEL, who writes the "Specialités de la Maison" column in *Gourmet*, a magazine published in New York, has recently paid a week's visit to England.

He had just conducted a small party round the vineyards of France which included special meals arranged at nine very famous restaurants, such as the Coq Hardi outside Paris and the Pyramide at Vienne. The last official meal of their tour took place in the Elizabethan Room of the Gore Hotel in Queen's Gate and was a great success—the peacock, swan, boar's head, hare in coffin, Royal sturgeon, cucumbers in Canary wine, salmagundi, mead, ale and mulled wine, served by the waitresses in period costume, the minstrels and the whole atmosphere obviously being an entirely new experience. This ended the tour.

Marvel wanted to see as much as possible during the remaining days and I was asked to assist. Our activities were strenuous. Below are just a few of the things that he said he would remember with interest and pleasure. The whisky and various sherries on sale by the glass from the cask at Emberson's Wine Lodge in South Kensington; the rows of tankards, each belonging to individual customers, hanging from the ceiling of the public bar of the Fox and Grapes, a friendly "country pub" on Wimbledon Common; the Sole Caprice, the Chicken Chant-eclair and the bottle of Château Gruaud La Rose Sarget 1934 we had for dinner at the Wimbledon Hill Hotel; the *Bouchées de Fruits de Mer*, the roast grouse and the Cheval Blanc '47 we had for lunch at Grosvenor House, not forgetting the port, Martinez 1927.

WE will remember lunch in the Fellows' restaurant at the Zoo, looking out over the gardens in the sunlight while we enjoyed some excellent *Petit Filet de Veau à la Hongroise* with a bottle of Château la Mission Haut Brion '53. He is unlikely to forget lunching with André Simon and George Rainbird at the Connaught in Carlos Place, on *Quiche Florentine* followed by a whole grouse each, served alone with the heart of a lettuce, and two bottles of Clos de la Vigne-au-Saint 1919, the second being better than the first and quite remarkable. He will remember also the charm and freshness of the décor at Overt's, 5 St. James's, and the lobster, and the *Carré d'Agneau* with a Chassagne Montrachet '49 that we had there.

During the short time he was out of my clutches he managed to lunch at the Mirabelle, with which he was enchanted; and to dine off some prime Scotch beef from the trolley at Simpson's—a thing he had not done for over twenty years. He also had dinner one night at Ley Cn's, which he said was equal to the Chinese restaurants in New York.

Apart from eating we did a great deal of darting in and out for "a quick one" and a quick look. He will remember the view from the River Restaurant at the Savoy and the general elegance of this "Grand Hotel," the drink we had in the Polo Bar at the Westbury, the glass of wine at Tommy Layton's Wine Lodge, the No. 1 Scotch Ale at the Coach and Horses in Bruton Street, and the Chateaubriand Restaurant of the May Fair Hotel where he stayed for the week and with which he expressed himself well pleased.

We finished off with a long "pub crawl" in Surrey, visiting over a dozen of the "Old Beam and Big Fireplace" variety, and had an excellent dinner at one of them, built in 1603—The Onslow Arms at West Clandon. He was delighted with the friendliness and courtesy of the staff at the places he had visited, and his final judgment was that you can wine and dine in London as well as anywhere else in the world.

I WAS recently asked for a good *pâté*, so, at the risk of trespassing on my neighbour's column, here is one given me by the Burlington Hotel at Folkestone: Cut 2 oz. fat bacon into small dice and *sauté* in pan for one minute, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chicken's liver, 2 bay leaves, small sprig of thyme, chopped clove of garlic, and *sauté* until cooked. Allow to drain, season and pass through a fine sieve. When cool, place in a china basin and mix in  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. fresh butter with a wooden spoon, correct seasoning to required taste, and put in a cool place. To serve, place portion on lettuce leaf on a small plate, with hot buttered toast separate. This *pâté* should be eaten within two or three days.

—I. Bickerstaff



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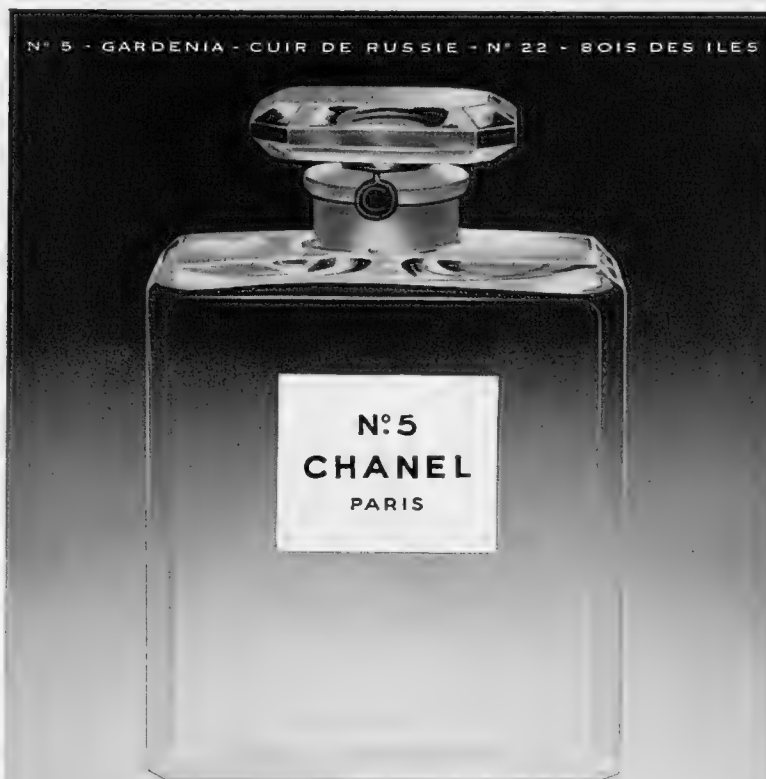
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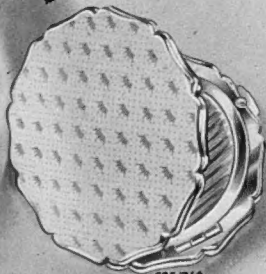
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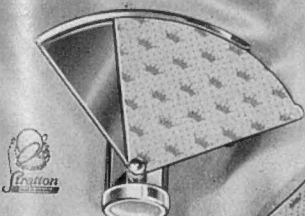
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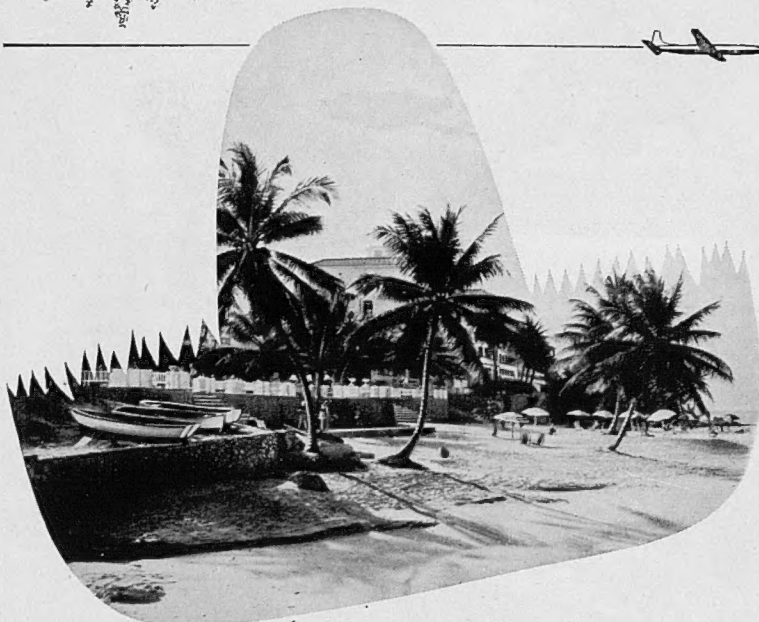


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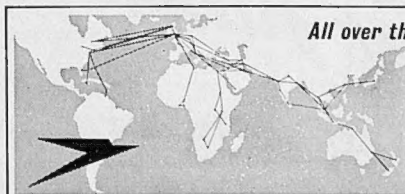
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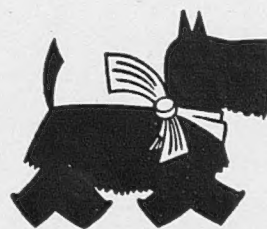
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